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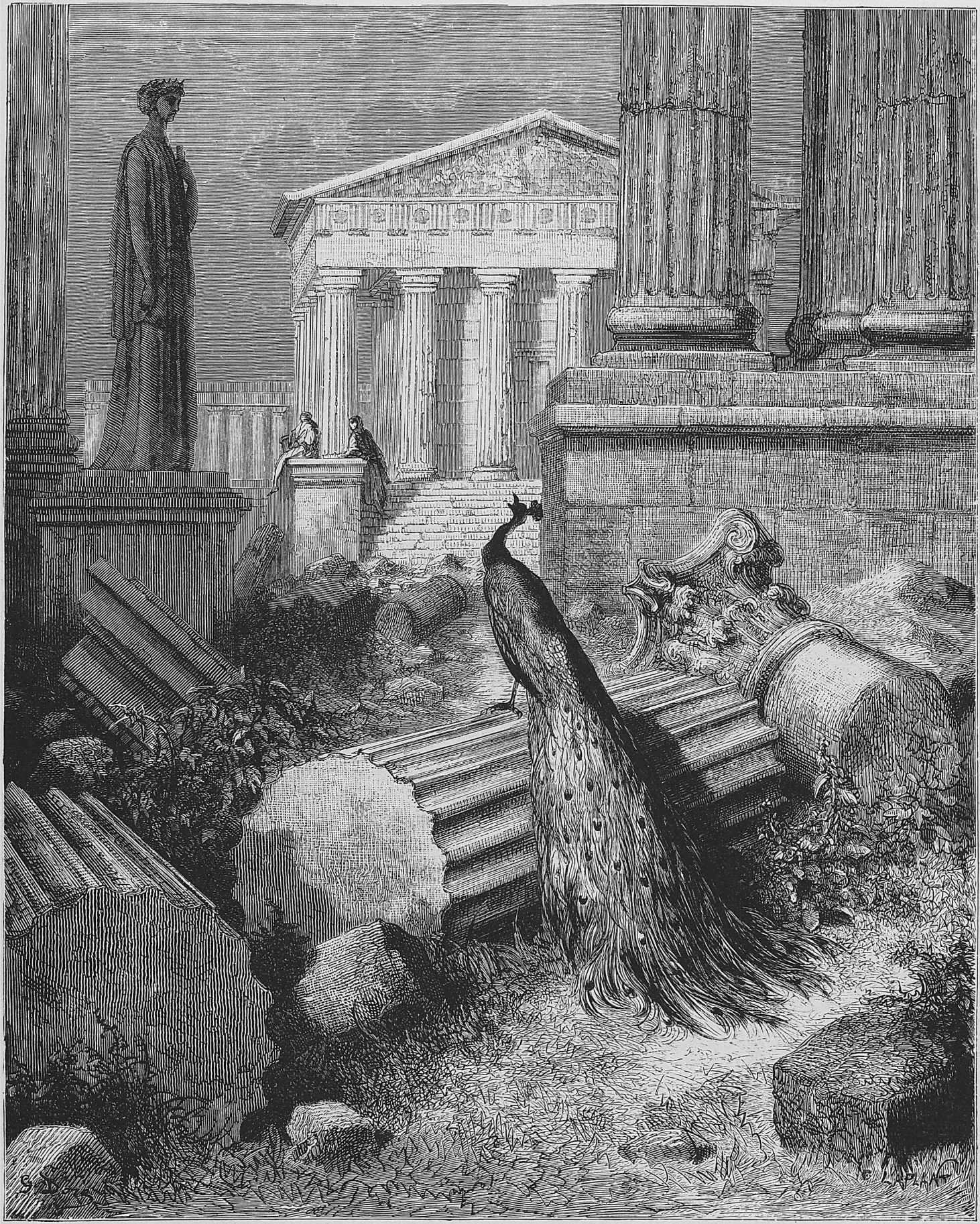
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THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO. — DORÉ.

O PRAY, MY CHILD.

From the German of Hoffman.

"GIVE me the morning kiss, and pray,
My child,—the long, sad night is past;
I prayed its sleepless hours away,
And morn has brought me peace at last.
I saw thy face, and almost smiled,
It was so bright!—O pray, my child!

"How sweet it was, my little man,
When early out of bed you sprung,
And in the snug, warm chamber ran,
And in your night-gown danced and sung;
Then to your father you would fly,
And clasp his neck, 'So big am I.'

"He has for many days been ill—
The father dear!—and still is low:
While I—my aching heart, be still!
Give me your little hands now—so,
Quick, for my tears are flowing wild,
O fold your hands, and pray, my child!

"When he into the woods did go,
You coaxed him, 'Please, please, father mine!' .
He kissed us both,—he loved us so,
And always brought you something fine,
That made you run with eager feet
To meet him. O 'twas sweet, 'twas sweet!

"Pray that your father dear may live,
He is our all,—he must not die,
And what you ask for God must give,
When he beholds you from on high;
For eyes like yours, so pure, so mild,
The good God loves! So pray, my child!"

She weeps with sorrow and delight,
To hear her baby Heaven implore:
"Come down, dear God,—down from thy height,
And make my father well once more,
For if he dies, and mother cries—
I cannot love you—if he dies!"

The mother's heart is reconciled,
She listens, and her fears depart:
"God grants you what you ask, my child,
So strong the love within your heart.
I know the blessed God will hear,
And answer you, my baby dear!"

THE PEACOCK'S COMPLAINT. — The Peacock presented a memorial to Juno importing how hardly he thought he was used in not having so good a voice as the nightingale: how that pretty animal was agreeable to every ear that heard it, whilst he was laughed at for his ugly, screaming voice, if he did but open his mouth. The goddess, concerned at the uneasiness of her favorite bird, answered him very

kindly to this purpose: "If the nightingale is blessed with a fine voice, you have the advantage in point of beauty and largeness of person." "Ah!" says he, "but what avails my silent, unmeaning beauty, when I am so far excelled in voice!" The goddess dismissed him, bidding him consider, that the properties of every creature were appointed by the decree of fate: to him beauty: strength to the eagle: to the nightingale a voice of melody: the faculty of speech to the parrot: and to the dove innocence. That each of these was contented with his own peculiar quality; and unless he had a mind to be miserable, he must learn to be so too. *Moral:* Since all things, as Juno says, are fixed by fate, how absurd it is to see people tormenting themselves for that which it is impossible ever to obtain! They who are ambitious of having more good qualities should spare for no pains to cultivate and recommend those they have: which a sourness of temper, instead of improving, will certainly impair, whether they are of the mind or body. If we had all the desirable properties in the world we could be no more than easy and contented with them: and if a man, by a right way of thinking, can reconcile himself to his own condition, whatever it be, he will fall little short of the most complete state that mortal ever enjoyed. — *Æsop.*